UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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DAY AND NIGHT

O the rapturous thrill of awaking
In the morning cool and gray,
When my pulses stir with rejoicing
For the gift of another day.
O a day is too short for such chances
Of love and of service true,
With the glory of sunshine around me,
And my beautiful work to do.

But the dear day slips from my holding
And the chances come and go;
While I love and I work a little,
And I worry a bit, you know.
Then the evening comes with its quiet,
And dreams of the hours past,
And I put off my plans until morning,
And I'm glad to sleep at last.

So my life grows rich with its meaning,
Until beauty and service combine;
And it claims me with power resistless,
It thrills me with longings divine.
Too brief are the years of our striving,
Far distant the brotherhood dream,
But we work with a courage unfailing,
And life holds a glory supreme.

But perhaps in the misty future
An hour of quiet may come,
When an evening hush may enfold me,
And each summoning voice be dumb;
I may sit perhaps in the stillness
And muse on the happy past;
Then say my few words of thanksgiving
And be willing to sleep at last.

—*Emma Endicott Marean.*

There are no freshly made ideas today. No man has a title deed to any section of truth, and there are no brand new dollars in the world today. The coinings of trade are consecrated with the sweat of unnamed multitudes who have contributed to its potency. We are merely trustees under God of words and of dollars. We are administrators of a bounty we did not create. We may halt, but we cannot defeat that bounty. Sooner or later the dollar consecrated with human sweat will redound to the needs of the race, and sooner or later the words coined from kindling hearts, passed on from generation to generation by an apostolic succession more real and vital than can be represented by the tips of a bishop's fingers, will make for power and for peace.

The tribulations of New York City concerning its intra-mural transportation problem may bring about light and freedom in ways unexpected. The quarreling companies have driven the authorities to beat a scheme into the clear that will establish a municipal system of transportation, owned by the city and operated for the city. This tri-borough scheme, if carried out, will say to the quarreling corporations, "A plague on all your houses. Get out of the way. If you want to run a railroad system in the city of New York for the benefit of the city, as well as for your own, make us an offer and we may hire you to run our railroads for us." Something like this is the short-cut solution towards which the problems of inevitable monopolies and essential utilities are tending.

Who are the men that are today shaping the ideals of our young men and women? Who are they whose words and lives mothers would be glad to have impressed upon the plastic tablets of the hearts of their little ones? It is dangerous to use names, but we all know who they are,—the Tolstoys and the Ruskins, the Toynbees and the Jane Addamses,—those who have in a measure entered into the power of the Kingdom because they are poor in spirit and pure in heart, because they have stood in with the holy, have made common cause with the unfortunate; it is not those who have fallen into line and kept step with marching multitudes of the successful, the fashionable and the opulent. The Kingdom is now, as it has ever been, to the poor in spirit, the holy of heart, the faithful in service. And what is true when verified by the outer records of the world is found equally true when tested by the inner experiences of the heart.

"A Sky-scraper Self-sufficiency," is the phrase which that new editor of the *Century Magazine*, Robert Underwood Johnson, applies to New York City. The *Literary Digest* gives to Mr. Johnson the title of "poet," and quotes him at length in a commencement address recently delivered before the New York University, on "Poetry and Modern Life." The above phrase is but one of many incisive epithets which this New York editor applies to his city. He talks about "the swamping of the city by the imported provincialism of the newly rich." He admits that "as a publishing center New York is vastly important, but as a literary center it is ridiculous." Perhaps many cities that aspire to New York's business fame and commercial methods would do well to read thoughtfully these strictures.

There are other cities than New York that are under the contented domination of the dollar, when they had better be seeking the inspiration of "the word," for after all Mrs. Browning was right when she said,

> Virtue's in the word!
> And plant a poet's word even, deep enough
> In any man's breast, looking presently
> For offshoots, you have done more for the man
> Than if you dressed him in a broad-cloth coat
> And warmed his Sunday pottage at your fire.

Apropos of our word concerning the Sane Fourth in our last issue, we print below this suggestion, prepared and circulated by the Men's Brotherhood of the Congregational Church of New Britain, Connecticut. These suggestions were translated and printed in the various vernaculars of the city. The *Congregationalist* says: This leaflet came to not a few foreign-born citizens as the first communication in their native language which they had ever received from the government whose flag was floating over them, and had an appeal to the conscience and an incentive to patriotism that was practical and intelligible." These suggestions must have carried far. Let other cities go and do likewise.

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP MAKE A CLEAN CITY.

1. Take away all the ashes and dirt from your back yard immediately. Send your rubbish to the dumping-ground.
2. Clean out your cellar, stables, and sheds. Whitewash your cellar walls, fences, and hen-houses.
3. Burn all rubbish that will burn. Clean your vacant lots and alley-ways.
4. Avoid mixing ashes and garbage. This is against the law. You may be fined five dollars.
5. Refrain from throwing old paper, banana or orange skins into the streets.
6. Plant some grass and flower seeds to make your home beautiful. Every house should have a little green grass and a few trees.

Dirty yards cause flies, sickness, death.
Old tin cans hold water; water breeds mosquitoes.
Rotten garbage makes bad air, bad air makes weak bodies, weak bodies make big doctor's bills.

We are grateful to the *Kansas City Journal* for saying the word for Carrie Nation which has been seeking utterance in our own hearts, but which we failed to find for want of knowledge. It is very, very easy to dispose of Carrie Nation as a crazy woman, and her death from paresis lends gruesome confirmation to the flippant diagnosis. It is natural, almost inevitable, that the ungracious character of her work should for a time obscure the deeper outcome of her life, but the hatchet is the passing thing in Carrie Nation's career; her deep antagonism to the awful curse and her womanly appeal to indifferent officials and complacent judges are the permanent things. Well does this journal, printed within the zone of Carrie Nation's work, say:

> Carrie Nation will live in memory after those who have slurred and jibed at her work are forgotten. Like old John Brown, her body now "lies mouldering in the grave, but her soul goes marching on.

This journal, as quoted by the *Literary Digest* of June 24, says further:

> Had Carrie Nation not started out with her little hatchet the chances are that the state of Kansas would be disregarding the prohibitory law now as it had been before her advent. . . . At that time Leavenworth and Atchison had a saloon in every business block, and expensive bars were maintained in Topeka right in the shadow of the state house dome. Now Kansas probably has not an open saloon within its borders, and blind tigers and joints are as scarce as hen's teeth. Through her persuasion, officials have found that it was not so hard, after all, to enforce the law.

There is a curious lesson in the fact that out of the money which Mrs. Nation saved as a lecturer, she established a drunkards' wives' home in Kansas City, Kansas, in order, as she said, to give a home to women who had worthless, drunken husbands and, second, to shame public officials into doing their full duty. Then Kansas needed such a home. Now the home is closed in the absence of applicants. Carrie Nation was a successor of John the Baptist, who went dressed uncouthly, whose methods were grim, rather than of the Nazarene of more gracious presence and milder methods, but she had her place and she did her work. Let no one cast a stone at her memory save those who have a right "to criticize by creation." Let those who do not like her way go and do it some better way. Truly was it said that, like John Brown's, Carrie Nation's soul "goes marching on."

The lovers of art as well as the friends of Abraham Lincoln have already been placed under a debt of gratitude to Gutzon Borglun, the eminent sculptor, for the colossal head of Abraham Lincoln, which has been placed in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, a head which more, even, than St. Gaudens' great creation, reveals the power, the refinement and the thought of Lincoln. If we are to judge from the newspaper reports and the half-tone reproduction first published in the *Christian Advocate* of New York, he has carried his interpretation of Lincoln still higher in the statue recently unveiled in a public park at Newark, New Jersey. After the election, before the inauguration, while the perplexed president was brooding over his first inaugural, he wrote to a friend, "I am spending these days in the Garden of Gethsemane." This is the movement, the attitude and the spiritual condition which the artist has undertaken to portray in this statue and without any of the accessories which artists seek. Here is no stately chair with classic decoration, no suggestion of flags or togas, but simply a plain, bare-headed man, sitting on the plainest of stone benches, lost in deep meditation, brooding over higher problems. The *Christian Advocate* of New York, as quoted by the *Literary Digest,* in speaking of the unveiling, says: "Those who were close enough to appreciate the beauty of the modeling, mingled their exclamations of admiration with the exultant shouts

of the thousands who only knew that the unveiling had been effected." Ex-president Roosevelt delivered the oration and Chancellor Pitney, in dedicating the monument to the public, said: "It is impressive, unique; showing the man overwhelmed with sorrow, yet taking up the cross which his duty to his country pressed upon him." Here is one more art commentary upon the elusive and exhaustive life. And it is worthy of note that this artist, who seems to have penetrated deeper into the spiritual mystery of the great President's life than any of his predecessors, was born in Idaho two years after the fateful shot in Ford's Theatre. Perhaps it took an artist born into the traditions of the saints to portray the saintliness in the life of Lincoln. A child of the Church of Rome has come to teach Americans new lessons of love and appreciation of this representative of the Church Universal.

"First Universal Races Congress"

It is too late to promote the attendance upon, but not to awaken an interest in, the forthcoming gathering under the above title that is to convene in London, the 26th to the 29th of this month.

The secretary of the American Committee, Rev. Frederick Lynch, announces that there will be no less than fifty countries represented. There will be over thirty presidents of parliaments, the majority of the members of the permanent Court of Arbitration, and of the delegates to the second Hague Congress.

Twelve British governors, eight British premiers, forty colonial bishops, one hundred and thirty professors of international law, the officers and the majority of the council of the Inter-parliamentary Union, and many leading anthropologists and sociologists of the world will be present.

We are also informed that the list of the writers of papers includes eminent representatives of over twenty civilizations, and that every paper referring to a particular people is prepared by some one of high standing belonging to it.

The object of the conference will be to discuss in the light of science and modern conscience the general relations subsisting between the peoples of the West and those of the East, and between the so-called "white" and so-called "colored" peoples, with a view to encouraging a fuller understanding, a more friendly feeling and a heartier co-operation among them.

Of course, in order to accomplish this, it will be the task of the various representatives to show what has already been accomplished and what the promise of accomplishment may be by their own people.

This very announcement is epoch-making. Nothing like this could have happened at any previous point in the history of the race; nothing like this can happen now, however inadequate, without insuring further efforts. It is safe to predict that it is the first of many similar ones to follow.

In the list of the American Executive Committee the name of Prof. Felix Adler appears as chairman; Prof. Du Bois represents the colored people; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the Jews; Miss Mary White Ovington, the author of the latest contribution to the literature of the colored problem, entitled, "Half a Man," represents the women on the committee. The general officers, we believe, are all Englishmen, but men high in the confidences of the world.

No matter what may be said or done, the lessons of the congress can be anticipated, for above all arguments and beneath all prejudices this will be a demonstration of the brotherhood involved; it will be an object lesson that will prove the old Bible truth, "For he hath made of one blood all nations of men."

There will be different opinions, grades of intelligences, degrees of refinement, and, of course, a great range of native endowment, but these distinguishing and fundamental lines will obstinately refuse to follow racial distinctions that can be noticed or theoretically traced.

It was the privilege of the present writer to deliver the graduating address at the recent High School commencement exercises of the great copper town of Calumet, in northern Michigan. In that graduating class of a hundred and two he was told there were representatives of twenty different races, and in the list of eight printed on the program as deserving "Honorable Mention," because of having in all standing throughout the four years' work an average above 90, four of them were Finnish in their immediate ancestry; and the Finns are a submerged nation, Finland having no independent political existence.

When the speaker announced, "The members of this class look all alike to me, and they all look good," there was an outburst of tumultuous applause from the large audience.

The plain truth demonstrated in that far-off corner of the world was that science, letters and refinement, and the sense of justice based thereon, remove the racial characteristics, not by obliterating the same, but by perfecting and rounding out the same into the more perfect proportions of the universal type, the ideal man and woman.

It was no mere accident that derived this great "melting pot" out of the copper industry through the generosity and foresight of Alexander Agassiz, the founder and first president of the Calumet copper industry. This High School that has a capacity of a thousand to twelve hundred pupils, one of the best equipped and most wisely conceived buildings in the country, was the personal gift of this man, who became wealthy by virtue of his scientific training and in-

heritance. This benefactor was no more the son of Louis Agassiz than were these graduates the spiritual grandchildren of the splendid foreigner who in his youth came from Switzerland to teach Harvard boys the wonders of nature and to fill their lore with an enthusiasm for man, a love of liberty, and a passion for justice.

Let not the many distractions in the way of summer schools, congresses, associations and conventions without number mar the perspective that ought to place this Universal Races Congress to be held in London at the head of the column. Let us welcome it, watch its proceedings, profit by its deliberations, and take to heart its demonstrations.

THE EMPEROR'S BREAKFAST

Fifteen centuries ago
Emperor Nintok of Japan
Walked upon his roof at daybreak,
Watching if the toils began
Well to gild the cedar frieze
Of his palace galleries;
Well to nail the silver plates
On his inner palace gates;
For the Queen would have it so
Fifteen hundred years ago!

Walking on his roof, he spied
Streets and lanes and quarters teeming;
Saw his city spreading wide.
Ah! but mean and sad of seeming
Show those lowly wooden huts
Underneath the King's house gleaming;
Though each humble wicket shuts
One world out and one world in,
That so great and this so small,
Yet, to the poor hearts within,
The little world their all in all!
Just then then the waiting maid bore through
The breakfast of King Nintoku.

Quoth the Emperor—gazing round—
"Wherefore, when my meats abound,
See I not much smoke arise
From these huts beneath mine eyes?
Chimneys put into the air,
Yet no chimney-reek is there,
Telling that the household pot
Bubbles glad with gohan* hot.
Gild me no more galleries,
If my people pay the gold!
Let my gates unplated go,
If the silver leaves them cold!
This city of all tax I ease
For three years! We decree it so!
From all huts there shall be smoke,"
Thus the Emperor Nintok spoke.

Sped three years, upon his roof
The monarch paced again. Aloof
His Empress hung, ill-pleased to see
The snows drip through her gallery,
The gates agape with cracks, and gray,
For wear and weather: "Consort, say
If so the Emperor of Japan
Should lodge, like some vile peasant man,
Whose thatch leaks for a load of straw?"
"Princess august, what recks a glass,"
Nintok replied, "in gate or wall,
When far and wide, those chimneys all
Fling their blue house-flags to the sky,
Where the gods count them! Thou and I
Take part in all the poor folk's health—
The people's weal makes princes' wealth!"

*Boiled rice. —*Anon.*

William Dean Howells, Realist and Socialist

William Dean Howells was born in the Western Reserve in 1837 and has never lost the influence of his western youth, although he became saturated and sympathetic with the Boston school of letters, for which he has been the most disinterested apologist. His combined western and eastern experiences have made him the most catholic of our critics, while his temperament and character have combined to make a soul which in fineness has no superior in American literature.

Howells ran the gamut of youthful literary passions, ranging even from Pope, through the leading English, Romance, German and Russian writers to Tolstoy. When Howells came to Boston to make his career, he was frankly a lion hunter and had abundant opportunity to hear them roar, as it was not necessary for this refined and appreciative youth to pursue them. He met everywhere a welcome and absorbed the best influences which the literary center of America had to offer. The impressions, however, lacked depth until he came to Tolstoy. Having been editor-in-chief of the *Atlantic Monthly* for ten years, he had not allowed public interest to encroach upon his literary loyalty: "The love of literature and the hope of doing something in it had become my life to the exclusion of all other interests, or it was at least the great reality, and all other things were as shadows. I was living in a time of high political tumult, and I certainly cared very much for the question of slavery, which was then filling the minds of men; I felt deeply the shame and wrong of our Fugitive Slave Law; I was stirred by the news from Kansas, where the great struggle between the two great principles in our nationality was beginning in bloodshed; but I cannot pretend that any of these things were more than ripples on the surface of my intense and profound interest in literature. If I was not to live by it, I was somehow to live for it."

The great Russian opened his eyes. He had rejoiced in Thackeray's attacks on the aristocrats, supposing that snobbishness might be cured by ridicule, but when he had passed his fiftieth birthday and was just entering his home on the water-side of Beacon street, he says: "I came into a knowledge of myself in ways I had not dreamed of before, and began at least to discern my relations to the race, without which we are each nothing. The supreme art in literature had its highest effect in making me set art forever below humanity." He pondered the depths of social life and of his own nature in the conservative environment of Boston, but life in the metropolis made him a confirmed socialist. His socialistic sympathies crop out in his novels and criticisms, but they received definite exposition in a picture of Altruria, by which he tries to reflect our own inperfections. As he says: "The American ideal is not to change the conditions of all, but for each to rise above the rest if he can."

The naivete of the visitor from Altruria constantly embarasses all the sophisticated Americans, who for the first time see their own conditions under his searching questions. The black-list and the open shop have new meaning when the Altrurian remarks, "If you will excuse my saying it, we should think it monstrous in Altruria for any man to have another's means of life in his power; and in our country it is hardly

imaginable. Do you really have it in your power to take away a man's opportunity to earn a living?" Mr. Howells takes us into the fundamentals of sociology in his graceful and gentle picture. On arriving late at a summer hotel, the American says to the Altrurian: "We shall not stand so good a chance for supper if we are not there pretty promptly." "No?" said the Altrurian. "Why?" "Well," said I, with evasive lightness, "first come, first served, you know. That's human nature." "Is it?" he returned, and he looked at me as one does who suspects another of joking.

We began to see with Howells that "The capitalistic world believes that human nature cannot be changed, though cannibalism and slavery and polygamy have all been extirpated in the so-called Christian countries, and these things were once human nature, which is always changing, while brute nature remains the same." We begin to wince as our various weaknesses are satirized, one after another. They cannot understand in Altruria why we should make the families of convicts suffer because the husband and father is an offender. They do not see why we should send refractory children to a reform school instead of sending the parents there. They don't understand why workingmen should still be willing to fight for a country which has not given them a living, while the rich man who profits by the social conditions stays at home. Nor do they understand why American women of education have no real intellectual interests, but only intellectual fads: "I need not tell you that they are romantic and heroic," says the Altrurian, "or that they would go to the stake for a principle, if they could find one." An old seaman who was about to return from Altruria to America, remarks to the American wife of the Altrurian, "They used to have wars and trusts and trades-unions here in the old days, just as we do now in civilized countries." "And don't you consider Altruria civilized?" "Well, not in just that sense of the word, ma'am. You wouldn't call heaven civilized."

The writings and life of the Nestor of American letters both testify to the sincerity of his conviction that "it is one's obligation and privilege not to differentiate one's self from others, but to identify one's self with others." CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

"A-Roving He Would Go," is the title given a book of travel by Milton Reed, author of "The Democratic Ideal" and "The Sea of Faith." With a clear, interesting style the author describes his journeys through the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria, Siberia, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Germany and Austria, Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Turkey. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston, Mass., 250 pp.).

"Engaged Girl Sketches," by Emily Calvin Blake, presents seven sketches of engaged girls in supposed typical situations, with the evident purpose of helping girls to understand something of the meaning and responsibilities of the married life upon which they are about to enter. The book will do good in the hands of many a girl perplexed by the problems that face her as she contemplates marriage. (Forbes and Company, Chicago, $1.00). H. F. B.

THE PULPIT

On Meeting One's Obligations

SERMON PREACHED AT THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF CHICAGO BY REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD

In the plain prose of the world we all have a kind of contempt for the man who, in commercial relations, dodges, shirks, tries to evade his obligations. The mean man, who will yield only what is forced out of him, never a penny more, grows cramped and narrow and cheap. We have a sense that a different temper, having something of the full, fine, human quality of life, with a kind of largeness and ease about it, is important even in the financial world. Naturally, I am not going to talk about that. I want to use it in relation to life as a whole. I would ask whether, when you come to think of it, there is not a great deal, as we sum up life, in this matter of the payment of what is due.

When the patriot who had given everything to his country is at length being led out to the gallows by way of reward, you remember Browning makes him say:

> In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
> "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
> Me?" God might question; now instead,
> 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

The problem is there brought into relation to a future life. It considers that man ill off who passes away from this world owing a great deal to God and has to repay it in eternity. But I think it is just as true without that element being introduced to balance the books. I have a feeling that, when you come right down to it, any thoughtful man who is trying to let his life, as between himself and himself, have real quality, asks for his ultimate satisfaction this question, How does the balance lie in the account between me and the whole? Have I met my obligations, or am I in debt? Have I taken all I could get, and given as little as I could afford to? Have I played for my own hand only, or made honorable returns to the world?

As you really grow, that becomes the ultimate question. The rest doesn't very much matter. Have I in this life of mine been demanding all that I could acquire for myself, or have I been giving out all that I could as my contribution toward the enrichment of the life about me?

Let us ask, first, what we have received. A great many things have come to us all for nothing. They belong to the life into which we are born. There is, most obviously, our physical constitution. Little by little through countless generations every lower form of life has been making its contribution toward building up, elaborating, perfecting this organism which we all inherit. Leaving everything else out of account, we have in our hands the most wonderful machine that life has yet known on the earth. It is self maintaining. Its capacity for work, for research, for the acquisition of power in countless ways, is well nigh without limit. It is such a miracle that when you begin to inquire into it you sometimes get nervous lest its wondrous artistry should break down. And it is ours, free, for us to use right through life. Its physical, mental, emotional,

personal qualities are laid in our hands to do as we will with. It has been capable sometimes of ministering to life in the world as naught else has. Sometimes it has been the hard, keen, calculating tool of a man who used its power only to grab for him all that he could get.

Moreover, life has done a vast deal in other ways for us. Take the common conditions about us. Sometimes one has tired dreams of getting off into some quiet place, away from all this rush and tear and hurry of the imperfect human life which so noisily besets us. Then, perhaps, if you have any sense of humor, it comes to you to wonder how you would be off in a solitary place dependent wholly on yourself. How about the insecurity of everything? I wonder how you would like to live where the first fellow who had stronger muscles than you could rob you of whatever you had won from the earth. Your defence against the wild beasts stronger than you are, is nil. Imagine your living cut down to the things which you could extort somehow out of the rude soil. Look at the life of the primitive savage. Yet everything beyond that you owe to the organized life about you. Here, through no claims of yours, you have security of tenure, and of life. You need not be physically the strongest man in the community to be safe on the streets. We enjoy without price conditions without which, for weaklings such as you and me, life would be neither long nor merry.

Nay, in ways far beyond that, the whole is, through no merit of ours, continually serving us. I wonder what kind of meals we should have if we had to depend only on ourselves, if it were not for other folk, all over the world, working on our behalf. The farmer growing grain, the cattlemen tending cattle for us, our fellows, far and near, gathering out of the living earth the wealth which ultimately alone makes life possible, and by their toil enabling us, every day of our lives, to enjoy, not only the necessities but the luxuries, which, but for them, were altogether out of our reach, all contribute towards our needs.

It is just the same with our inner life. We have a chance of looking at things far and wide, across the centuries. We can avail ourselves of garnered information immeasurably beyond anything which you and I, through our own effort, could possibly know. All human experience is at our service, ready, if we care to avail ourselves of it, to minister to our knowledge. Altogether apart from ourselves each one of us has a life opportunity which never before was paralleled, because the resource of countless generations is, free of all cost, handed over to us.

We have received from the life to which we belong not only faculty, the splendor of equipment inherent in our organization, the power latent in each of us of reaching out still further toward the fuller life which is ahead, but the unlimited service of all that life, from its most primitive forms, has slowly accumulated and made available. We are heirs, through no achievement of ours, of the results of the long labor of the ages. It is simply given to us generously, lavishly, for our use and profit. And we have done nothing for it all. We owe, not only what we are, but all which makes our finest life possible, to the wonderful process of the life of the whole, unfolding, enlarging, knitting together, to create the conditions without which we could not be. We are born heirs of the slowly garnered wealth of civilized life. It is all ours. It is the measure of our indebtedness.

What are we doing in return? When you ask what the things are which constitute your welfare, what do you think of? Is it of what you really owe or of what you have been able to render? Is it your boast possessions, laid hold of money and been able to live luxuriously and at ease? I have acquired, I have taken to myself more than others, you perhaps say. Then truly, "What dost thou owe me? God might question." Whatever your theology and whatever your definition of God, if you have any sense of high honor it is ill with you if you have to own that you have taken more from the world than you have given to it. You are a debtor, perhaps a defaulter. Even in your own eyes you may be a parasite, sucking the life out of the great tree which sustains you and returning nothing to it.

You might have known the high joy of letting the opening possibilities of the life within you, to which you owe all, so enchain your enthusiasm and enlist your loyal service and co-operation as to enable you to feel that you stood foursquare in the world. You had taken all you could, had used all you were, only that to the limit of your powers you in turn might make for life. You had made your life big and free, large-hearted and strong, and had done therewith what in you lay to make the big, free, strong, large life more possible for the community of which you were a part and to hand on to those who came afterwards, not a store impoverished because you had drained it and given nothing, but a store a little richer because you had taken to the limit of your powers all that life freely gave and allowed it through you to go out toward the sweetening and strengthening and blessing of the world. Your satisfaction might be honorable then.

That is the idea of life which thrusts itself on us as we grow. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," is one of the ill echoes of primitive savagery. Even there it proved suicidal. Today Browning's phrase begins to come home to all the super-savage in us. But the power to which we owe it all is no longer to be figured as some great taskmaster, an almighty creditor God. He is rather like the great tree of life, rooted in the thrill of the atoms, climbing out of the soil, reaching out of the air, spreading branches manifold, voicing himself in the myriads of leaves, no two of them alike, and in every cell of the leaves. It is demanded of each of them that the wealth of its own life be for the service of the whole. What of the leaf that would draw its sustenance from the tree that bore it and sustains it and would in no wise, if that were possible, yield anything back? It takes from the tree its power to draw in from the air new life and refuses to contribute it, tries to store it in itself, tries to accumulate all that it can only in its own selfish interest. In nature you know that it withers. Do you not think that in humanity it withers? You remember the inscription on the old tombstone,

> What I spent I had;
> What I gave I have;
> What I hoarded I lost.

It is true of life everywhere, if you think of it, as we are being compelled to think of it, as an organic thing. The cell in the body (and I know of no better figure than to say that we are all of us cells in the body of God, that God is to us what the human organism is to the countless cells that build it up), that works for its own ends, if that were conceivable, that tries to use what it can get from the body without thinking of what it can render in return, is a monstrous thing. It is that which must at all costs be got rid of, which today we eliminate, even by the knife. When a group of such get together the surgeon calls it a malignant tumor. At once, at whatever risk, it must be removed and cast out for the evil thing it is.

What, on the other hand, if the cell were to learn to feel that it is part of a great whole that is waiting to pour the life of the whole through it, that it may return it, transformed somewhat, to the building up of nerve or tissue or cell cluster? Would not the bigness and sweep and power of the life far beyond its understanding thrill and move through it after a mightier fashion as it set itself on gaining all that it could from the whole which created and nourishes it only that it might have the delight of living so richly as to leave the life of which it is a part fuller of vital power because, for a little while, it had its chance to be a messenger, a vehicle, a channel, through which that life might come to its own?

Now as that is essential for a healthy body and a healthy cell, so it is essential for a healthy society and for each member of it. We have never yet had a healthy society. We are only beginning to work out toward such. Society at all only began yesterday. Primitive savagery was immediately before it and savagery is only beginning to be outgrown. The dream that comes to us now is that two things are identical, the glory of the individual life and the glory of the life that it serves. God and man are, in that sense, not two, but one. Selfishness and unselfishness are not two, but one. Service of others and service of self are the same thing, so you take it aright. The reason why we are so richly dowered is that we may know the glory of serving, giving, enriching life. The tide of that which the past has stored, waiting to run out through us in manifold directions, means first of all that, because of us, the life to which we belong may grow strong and deep and fine. It means, too, that we, for our own selves, may have the joy of feeling that we have been able to give, to enrich, to enlarge, to quicken, to *be*. For us, then, that we have met our obligations to the whole, is to have really lived.

What do I concretely mean? That we should all indulge in philanthropic enterprise, that we should all join the socialistic party, or do something else of that sort? No, I am not thinking of those things at all. I am thinking of this, mainly, that the particular way in which you exercise this power of discharging your obligations lies with you. The question I want to get at is not after what fashion you shall rightly discharge them, but whether you and I are large enough to discern that it is the discharging of them that counts. We are all different, just as different as the leaves are, but our glory of life is the measure in which we, through our difference, do something to make life more in the world.

Sometimes it means dreaming dreams. Sometimes it means catching God's thoughts and helping other folk to feel the contagion of them. Jesus was a dreamer. He took from the world only a short life, bare necessities, and his inward equipment. He gave it an awakening thrill of what God means to those who find him in their hearts. It was not hard for him to feel at the end that he had known the joy of meeting his obligations. His was the joy, not of fighting for his own hand, nor of demanding what a man of his powers might easily have exacted, but of letting something of the glory of the light which was in his own heart go out to his fellows.

Sometimes it is farming. The man on whom ultimately everything else rests is just patiently plodding along, making a little more grain grow where less grain grew. Patient labor done to the best of your power can help you at the end to know that you are no defaulter, that you have contributed your share. There is something about that life of sheer prose production that appeals to one at times. It is so concrete and sure that it tempts the preacher, the maker of words and phrases, to feel how good it would be if he could know at the end of the year that he had actually, out of the dull earth, brought food stuffs for hungry men. But for me somebody would have hungered. Here are so many bushels of wheat for man's daily bread that *are* because of me which, but for me, would not have been. Those simple men square their account, when they do their part not for what they can grab and get, but with something of the sense which lies in farmers, too,—for I have found it there,—that they are fellow-workers with God in helping men to the prolific wealth of sustenance this eager, living earth is waiting to yield.

But, take it where you may, if you are going to make life taste well, you have to see that your books balance right. You must have met your obligations, have returned what you could for what you have received. You dare not be a parasite or a despoiler, a cell in some malignant tumor seeking only to enrich itself at whatever cost to the whole. Life for you must mean that you have let yourself be a cell through whom the healthful currents have flowed toward enlarging life.

Then no work of any cell is more worthy than the work of another. We are all different. It is not the poets, dreamers, thinkers, artists that make life, any more than the craftsmen. The craftsman doing his work in order that he may render that which satisfies his own soul is serving the world just as much as the artist. It is the man who is part of the machinery of distribution through which civilized life becomes possible, just as much as the other, so he works after that fashion. Managing through his intellectual dexterity to make some commodity dearer for everybody that uses it because he has cornered the market makes him a debtor only. That the brains that were given him and the faculty that he had were, in this merchandising of his, used for this end, that he might make that which he dealt in, more readily, swiftly, manifoldly available for those who need it, squares his account. In his own fashion, in the prose of his

daily living, he has been a servant of life. He has used his power to make the machinery less elaborate, more swift, more simple, to knit together this aggregate which, little by little, is, through such service, to grow complete.

So life becomes really organic. So every one, in his own place, may feel as his enduring satisfaction that it was given him to contribute something toward the enlarging, beautifying, strengthening of the life which bore him. To feel that life fulfil itself in him is his glory and his reward. To it, at last, when his day's work is done, he goes home, not as a defaulter, nor as a parasite, but as one who, in the days that were his, loved to make for real wealth, for truth, for the larger life of man. All the manifold endowment which came to him from out the long past was but that he might worthily repay and in thus rendering service live as he could after no other fashion have lived.

I believe that in that fact lies the ultimate solution of most of our perplexing social problems. For I feel sure that in time men will find out that no other attitude is worth while. The real value of life to you is bound up with your meeting your obligations. The endeavor to get all you can because you think that in so doing you will become rich defeats itself. Men are finding out that vast hoarding is a disease. We are beginning to pity the millionaire and still more his children. It is growing more clear in the same way that just in so far as unionism means men's trying to do the least they possibly can for the largest wage they can extort, it is fatal to the life quality of its members. Endowment of every kind is for delight. But to bring delight it must be used to further the life that gave it. To be a man of great brain power means wealth only insofar as it is used to make for clearer vision, fuller knowledge, a finer and juster order in the world. Those of us who are not dowered with imperial wisdom or strength, who are just simple, common folk, are subject to the same law. At our own peril we fail to render to life in return for what we owe to life.

Signs are not lacking that men are finding out that to have hoarded much and repaid little means coming to be a parasite in this wonderful life of God. Here and there one fancies they are trying to square their account. For, after all, the great secret is to be able honestly to know at least that you have made good. The plain truth open to the sight of all men is that those who have fostered and spent all the faculty that was in them for the highest they could see, so making large return to the life of the world, are the men who have never been sorry of their bargain. Because the future of life is inevitable that larger temper is on the way. And you and I, in the measure of our endowment, may have it increase in us and learn to find life grow rich just in so far as we have loved, for the joy of it, to help God make the world more kindly and wise, more beautiful and strong and free.

Each eve earth falleth down the dark,
As though its hope were o'er;
Yet lurks the sun when day is done
Behind tomorrow's door.

William Morris.

THE STUDY TABLE

"War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick, is a scathing denunciation not only of war but of the present industrial system of the United States. The book is written for the purpose of arousing the working classes to think of the injustice of the industrial system from which they suffer, and it will be effective. The style is trenchant, almost startling; but the book is manifestly unfair and filled with appeal to class prejudices. (Published by the author at West Lafayette, Ohio, $1.20 net).

"The War Maker," by Horace Smith, is a true story of Captain George B. Boynton, who was born with an uncontrollable desire for adventure, and with a disposition that led him into opposition against everything, from his family to governments and international laws. The chief value of the work, it would seem, is the description of a type of disposition which, while not wholesome, presents an interesting pyschological type. (A. C. McClurg and Co., Chicago, $1.50 net).

"Your Forces and How to Use Them," by Christian D. Larson, consists of a series of essays in which the author attempts to show the way in which men through thought and suggestion can come into possession and use of mental and spiritual resources which, for the most part, lie dormant. The ordinary man, not an advocate of what is called by the exceedingly indefinite term of "New Thought," will feel that the book strongly exaggerates its truth and does not face its problem in a scientific temper, but rather as an enthusiast for a certain view. (The Progress Company, Chicago, Ill. $1.50 net).

"The Temple of Life" by Ernest Newlandsmith, with the sub-title "The True Mission of Art," is a series of essays in which the author urges that art, as science, must not be for its own sake but for the sake of arousing the noblest emotions in men and thus bringing them to nobler living. In the chapter on "The Failure of Modern Art," it is contended that this failure is due neither to a lack of activity in art work nor of knowledge of the technique, but to the lack of a sufficiently sound and lofty motive-principle. "Nowadays artists appear to work at their art from one of three great motives: for the sake of art, for the sake of fame and applause, and for the sake of money. Not one of these motives is sound and good." He urges that artists must study more closely the relation of their art to the conditions of society about them and thus be able to kindle in the hearts of men those ideals which will help to bring about their emancipation from the misery and disorder of modern society. To do this, art needs a great motive-principle, and this can come "only through the restoration of the religious ideal as the one and only motive-principle of life and work." The book is a most encouraging sign of the re-incarnation of that spirit which built cathedrals, composed the great oratorios, and gave to the world the masterpieces in every form of art. (Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1911 3s. 6d. net).

HARRY FOSTER BURNS.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

CRUSADE AGAINST OPIUM IN THE EAST.

While the use of opium is said to be increasing in the British provinces of India, it is being repressed in China. The Chinese Government have indeed set a noble example to other governments which have encouraged or permitted the use of this fatal drug merely for the sake of the revenue which accrues from its sale. We find in *The Times of India* a dismal letter, written by Mr. D. E. Watcha, in which he gives figures showing how the pestiferous juice of the poppy is becoming more and more the bane of the people in Bombay Presidency. He writes:

"Temperance reformers have for long been so obsessed by the regrettable increase of drink among a sober people that, speaking broadly, they have to a great extent neglected the growing consumption of the other narcotic which is insidiously doing its michievous work. But it is time that fell-informed criticism was also directed toward the growth of 'excise opium' in the Presidency. Unfortunately, details of this consumption have been very incomplete. Moreover, the forms of divers excise tables have been subject to such a constant change that the student of statistics has to be very cautions and feel his way while quarrying in the obscure mine. . . .

"Be that as it may. Today I take up the parable of opium consumption in the Presidency as revealed by the annual reports. I will take the statistics for the last five years only, say from 1905-06 to 1909-10:

1906	Opium in pounds,		70,666
1906-07	"	"	74,554
1907-08	"	"	82,807
1908-09	"	"	85,818
1909-10	"	"	90,779

"From 70,666 pounds to 90,779 in five years is an increase of 20,113 pounds, or fully 28.49 per cent. And be it remembered, Sir, that in 1904-05 it was 74,373 pounds. Compare this quantity with the average of the quinquennium, namely, 80,924. Even when thus compared, the increased consumption is 10,551 pounds, or 15 per cent. Is such a large increase, at the rate of three per cent, per annum, in a vile narcotic like opium, which was the ruin of China for a hundred years, and to which awakened China is strenuously endeavoring to put a stop, to be viewed with equanimity? If country spirits are ruining the manhood of the Presidency with a vengeance, what are we to think of the greater ruin which opium-eating or opium-smoking is bringing about? While country spirits are doing their mischievous work in broad daylight, opium is doing its noxious work stealthily. The opium dens and the opium shops are hardly visible. That is the worst of it. Is there to be no check by means of public opinion on the government policy of excise?"

The example set by China in repressing the opium traffic is held up by *The Continent* (Chicago) as an example to other governments. "Few spectacles have appeared more sublime than this virile resolve of a vast nation to be rid of its besetting sin." America has a great share in this reformation:

"It is a just pride to Americans that in this great crusade China has had more aid from America than from any other nation. The United States helped first by suppressing entirely the opium traffic in the Philippines, which put American influence in the Orient on the right side of the question. Then it helped again when President Roosevelt summoned an international commission on opium to assemble in Shanghai in 1909.

"The credit for that significant and influential meeting rightly belongs to Colonel Roosevelt, for by his official invitation he gave it a diplomatic status. Yet it is but fair to say that the ultimate credit goes back to two earnest men behind the scenes—Bishop Brent of Manila and Dr. W. F. Crafts of Washington—who in 1906 urged on the president the origina lsuggesion of the commission.

"And now again President Taft has responded to a similar prompting and called an international congress on the same subject to assemble at The Hague in July. Fourteen nations will be represented by their delegates.

"The object which Mr. Taft particularly commends to the attention of these commissioners is the 'suppression of the opium evil' throughout the world by mutual agreement of all nations. The very proposing of that ideal has in it promise not only for the end of the opium curse, but also for the final suppression of other deleterious trades—particularly in liquor—by the same method.

"This Hague conference, therefore, aiming at so vast and so new an application of international law, should assemble under the eyes of intelligent lovers of mankind in every quarter of the globe. It is far too important to be ignored by any live world-citizen.

"And certainly the Christians of America should offer profound prayer in their homes and in their churches that the conference shall result in the early overthrow of the opium vice in every land."

One of the great obstacles in the way of the opium reform has been the *laissez-aller* conservatism of the British government, which for alleged prudential reasons encourages the cultivation of opium. The Puritan conscience of the English middle classes, who are the main support of the Asquith Ministry, has, however, been enabled to influence the government in checking to some extent the opium trade in the British dependencies, and we read:

"For a compromise, it was agreed (by the Asquith government) that India would reduce one-tenth each year its exportations of opium to China, if China would likewise diminish one-tenth each year its internal production of the poppy. Ten years would thus extinguish both phases of the business.

"Now China on its part has done vastly better than this contract. In three years, so urgent are the anti-opium measures of the gevernment and so aroused is public feeling, China has cut down its own production three-fourths. Importation, in contrast, is diminished less than three-tenths.

"This has aroused immense dissatisfaction among the Chinese. Their new Parliament, by resolution, and great numbers of the people, by proper petition, have called on Britain to abolish all imports from India forthwith. In that case China promises that it will root every poppy out of Chinese soil in a year.

"American churches, missionary societies, men's clubs, and all forms of ecclesiastical governing bodies should hasten to adopt, by formal vote, resolutions and petitions indorsing President Taft in his great proposal that next month's Hague conference shall secure 'the suppression of the opium evil' at once and everywhere. Such petitions and resolutions, if forwarded quickly to President Taft, will greatly influence the forthcoming assemblage.

"Moreover, it is also open to church bodies, civic reform organizations, or individual citizens, if they couch their representations in respectful terms, to urge similarly on the British government, through Ambassador Bryce at Washington, the immediate surrender of the treaty right to introduce into China the cursing drug which the nation hates."—Literary Digest.

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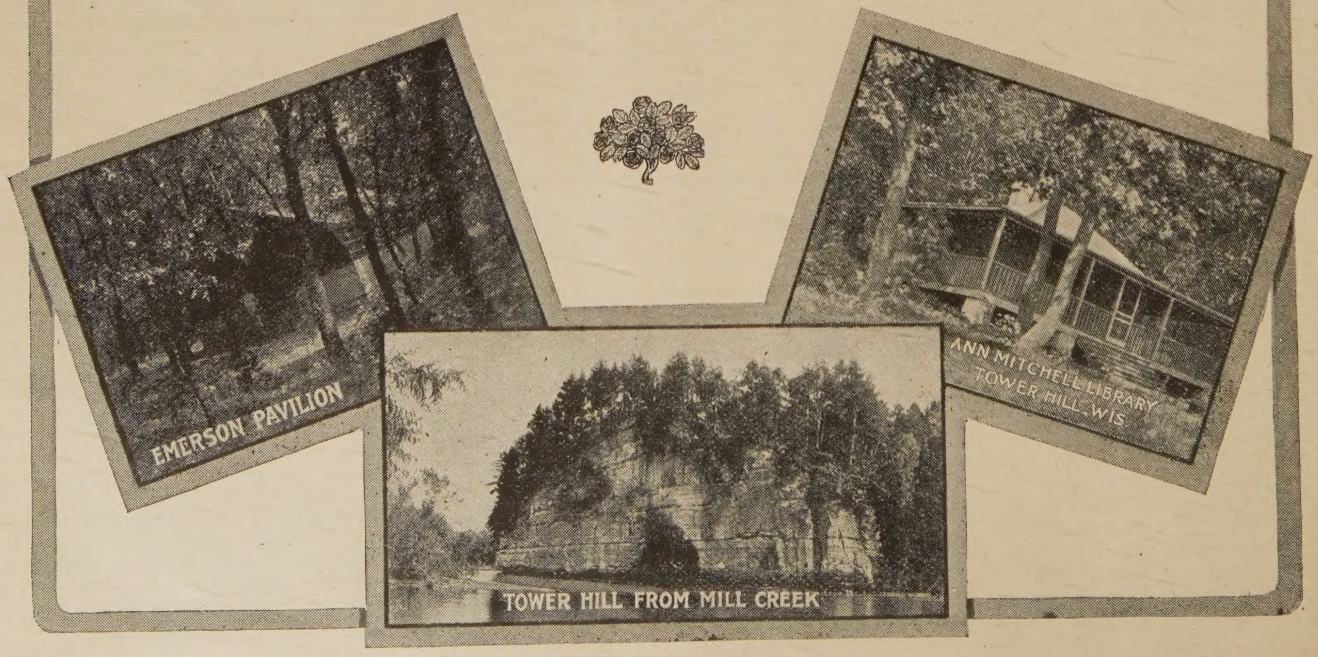

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